

NO 13,
OCT-NOV.

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



HERBIE

12¢

The HERBIE
LAFF-DERBY

"PIRATE GOLD!"

"MOM'S NEW
COAT!"

SOMETHING
WRONG
HERE.



JOHN
CARTER

YO-HO-HO AND A BUCKET OF LARD! THERE'S ACTION ON THE HIGH SEAS, MATEY--AND ENOUGH LAUGHS TO SINK ANY SHIP! SO LET'S SAIL ALONG WITH HERBIE, IN

"PIRATE GOLD!"

STORY:
SHANE
(WOTTA
WRITER)
O'SHEA

ART:
OGDEN
(WOTTA
ARTIST)
WHITNEY



I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, DAD. WHAT IS IT?

ELECTIONS FOR PRESIDENT OF THE MEN'S CLUB ARE COMING UP. I'D LIKE TO BE THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING!



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No. 13, Oct-Nov, 1965.



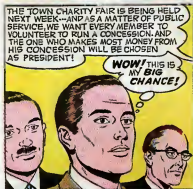
SO WHAT'S
IN THE WAY?
I'M SURE YOU'D
MAKE A
WONDERFUL
PRESIDENT.

LET'S FACE IT, MOM---
I'M JUST NOT **POPULAR**
ENOUGH. IF THEY KNEW
WHAT A **WONDERFUL**
BUSINESSMAN I WAS,
I'D STAND A CHANCE---
BUT HANG IT, THEY DON'T
SEEM TO REALIZE
IT!



BUT AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE MEN'S CLUB---

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS
HAS DECIDED AGAINST SELECTING
A PRESIDENT BY ELECTION, AS WAS
DONE FORMERLY. WE FEEL THAT THE
BEST PRESIDENT WOULD BE THE
ONE WHO DOES THE MOST FOR
THE COMMUNITY!



THE TOWN CHARITY FAIR IS BEING HELD
NEXT WEEK---AND AS A MATTER OF PUBLIC
SERVICE, WE WANT EVERY MEMBER TO
VOLUNTEER TO RUN A CONCESSION. AND
THE ONE WHO MAKES MOST MONEY FROM
HIS CONCESSION WILL BE CHOSEN
AS PRESIDENT!

**WOW! THIS IS
MY BIG
CHANCE!**



WHAT I NEED
IS AN IDEA FOR
A **GOOD**
CONCESSION!

LOLLIPOPS?

NO, **NOT**
LOLLIPOPS.
...**SAY, I'VE
GOT IT!**

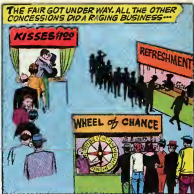


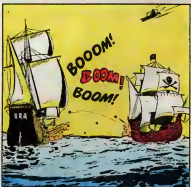
I'LL RUN A **PIRATE** CONCESSION---
AND I'LL ADVERTISE **PIRATE GOLD**
FOR SALE! JUST STUFF THAT **LOOKS**
LIKE **PIRATE GOLD**, OF COURSE---
AND I'LL SELL IT FOR
50¢ A COIN. HOW'S
THAT? **GREAT**,
THAT'S HOW
IT IS!



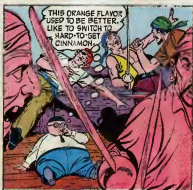
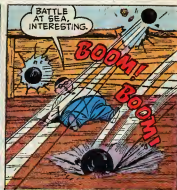
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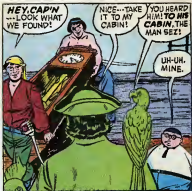
THIS IS GOING TO BE
SWELL! YOU'LL SEE WHAT
A **BUSINESSMAN** YOU'VE GOT
FOR A FATHER, HERBIE.
YEGGIR, I GET
THINGS
DONE!

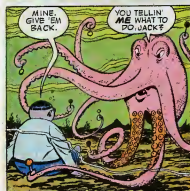
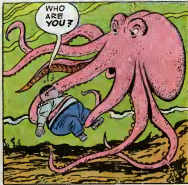
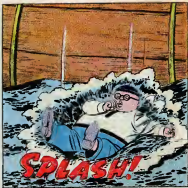




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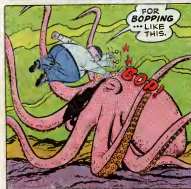
**WISE
GUYS!**



**LOLLIPOPS
NOT FOR
JUGGLING.**



**FOR
BOPPING
...LIKE
THIS.**



**BOTTOM OF
SEA. INTERESTING.**



**LOOK,
GIRLS...
LOOK!**

**IT'S HERBIE
POPNECKER!
YEE-EEEEEE!**



**LOVER
BOY!**

**COME
TO ME, YOU
GORGEOUS
HUNK OF
MAN!**

**HE'S
MINE!**

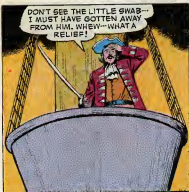
**NO, HE'S
MINE!**



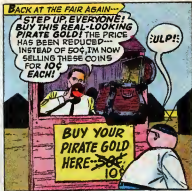


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ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

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The **HARD DAY** of **MURGATROYD MINCH!**

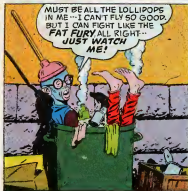
WOT'S THIS **HERBIE** GOT THAT I, **MURGATROYD MINCH**, AIN'T GOT? I COULD BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME! I COULD SHOW HIM THAT I'M SUPERER THAN WOT HE IS!

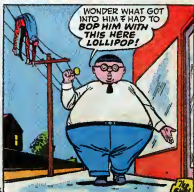
HERBIE

SO **MURGATROYD** WENT HOME AND SLURPED **LOLLIPOPS** BY THE GROSS --EVERY FLAVOR--

ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, PINEAPPLE, GRAPE, TOMATO, PEACH --EVERYTHIN' BUT HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON! YESSIR, FOLKS WON'T KNOW ME FROM **HERBIE**--I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

HMMM--SOMETHIN' NOT QUITE **RIGHT!** BUT IF I HAD A **FAT FURY** COSTUME, THEY'D THINK I WAS HIM, I'LL BET--





"HERE'S HERBIE!"

This isn't good issue, fans. Just sensational, colossal, is all. Not worth ten million dollars . . . \$7,500,000 more like it. Only be crazy about "Pirate Gold" and nuts about "Mom's New Coat". Expect your letter telling me so, addressed to me, Herbie, at 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. If not received promptly, will deliver your head to you on tray . . . please return same. Also have few words to say about next magnificent issue coming your way—Number 14, December-January, on sale at best newsstands about middle of October. Purchase of this issue will be strictly enforced . . . anyone daring not to buy it will be promptly and fatally bopped by raspberry lollipop. Only worst kind, that's all. On other hand, smart purchasers will be rewarded by two blue-plate specials—"Herbie Claus is Coming to Town" and "Gongwoy For the Three Musketeers", a "Fot Fury" gasser. Gasps, shrieks and roars guaranteed—I, Herbie, appear in both and fatter than ever. Be smart. Buy. Butt out now—have to look over mail.

"Dear Herbie:-

You're great! I started a sale on your comics at a huck epiece—one-billionth of what they're worth—but I made no money. You see, everyone had them already! Best story yet, I think, was 'Good Old Peepchistle'. Don't worry about that fraternity—you were too good for it anyway. Goldwater used to be my idol—now it's you. No comparison. No one is better than Herbie—not even Soupy Sales! P.S.: Just read No. 8. Indescribable . . . it'll be hard to better. Try. The reward's a package of lollipops! (Don't you ever get cavities with all those lollipops? If you do, my father's a dentist and you're welcome. No charge!)

—Douglas Lavine,

Wilshire Drive, White Plains, New York."

No problem, Douglas. Second I get cavity, give it immediate lollipop filling. But don't let this get around . . . might ruin whole dental profession.

"Dear Herbie:-

On page four, box number 3, you have 'Pop-neckner' instead of 'Popnecker'. I think you should add Shane O'Shea to your bopping list. Hit him with the strawberry one. I think your

comics are extra colossal. Do you have beck copies? Don't reduce—we need you!

—Jon Beckstrom,

11 Memores Ave., Coral Gables, Florida."

Spelling not Shane O'Shea's fault. Fault of crazy, mixed-up letterer, Ed Hamilton. Got down on his knees, so I spared him this time. Back copies? You trying to insult me? Too popular for that!

"Dear Herbie:-

Hey, you-all, this little ol' Texas Herbie-fan just had a brainstorm! I'd like to see you in a cowboy role, riding broncos and chasing bad guys. You'd be just a dream for the role, with a 10-gallon hat, spurs and lollipop guns in your holsters. You'd be sure to prove what we Texas gals mean by 'In the West, men are men and women are darn glad of it'! I think you'd be just grand in a gangster role, too. You know, as a King of the Underworld. You'd be perfect with your handsome face and manly physic. Love and kisses—

—Lynda Massey,

311 W. 37th Street, Austin, Texas."

Was cast in cowboy role, Lynda . . . issue No. 4, in "Big Fot Mess At The Okay Corral". Made wonderful cowboy, too. Couldn't miss, with my handsome face and—like you say—manly physic.

"Dear Herbie:-

Before I start my letter, I would like to set it straight that I like your comic a lot. Now that that's settled, here's my beef. Where do you get your nerve to push around all the people who buy your comic? I have never seen such an ungrateful person. If there was a law against Little Fet Nothings threatening people, you would never have time to be in your book. You would be in jail all the time. In closing, I hope by the next few issues, you regain your senses and stop this foolishness!

—Eric Wollman,

1901-84th Street, Brooklyn, New York."

Put you right while you're still in condition to hear human words, Eric—and then POW! Right in the kisser! Life is full of wussel folks who smile at your face, then stab you in back. Not me. Hit you to your face my motto. That way, never any doubt about my intentions. Strictly lethal.

"Dear Herbie:-

Gotta have your comic! Love it. You handsome. My hero. Wish you were here. Stories are superb! You powerful. Make me swoon. More stories, please. You my kind of Man. Love you. Herbie forever!

—Michelle Henne,
Route No. 1, Stillwater, Minnesota."

Smart girl, Michelle. What other kind could be so right about everything?

"Dear Herbie:-

I have read all of your issues 10,000 times. I know that isn't enough, but it will do for today. I have my own Herbie Popnecker Fan Club. I weigh 160 pounds, big belly, glasses and my name is Herbie! I like you, Herbie, and all of my friends do, too!

—Herbie Thomas,
136 Royal Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada."

10,000 times enough to read my issues—say that because I'm fair type. But not one time less, see? About your weight . . . bit on the lean side, and would suggest special high lollipop diet.

"Dear Herbie:-

You're just too much. 'Herbie' is just too great to come out only 8 times yearly. You know that and I know that, but that stupid clod (no offense, editor!) is too dumb to realize it. But I've got a plan. You hop him with a strawberry lollipop until he consents to make 'Herbie' a monthly. And throw in a personal hop for me!

—Rich Walls,
2096 Cambridge, Des Moines, Iowa."

Great idea, Rich. Love hopping dopey editor. Turns all black and blue, howls like crazy siren.

"Dear Herbie:-

I think all your issues were a scream. I especially liked 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' and 'High Spirits'. Only in issue No. 7, in 'Good Old Peepukistie', how come you know so many animals like Feedick? And if you're so great and stupendous, how come your dad thinks you're a fat, lousy clod? I love your whole book except for 'Nellie No-Date'. I think she stinks. I would rather have another great, stupendous, wonderful 'Herbie' story to fill in her (ugh!) waste of paper. P.S.: For your Preferred Bopping List, (1) Our teacher, she always piles extra homework on us. (2) People who don't buy 'Herbie' magazines. (3) The Editor. (4) Some other sinks in our class. And I promise to

tell 10 friends about you too. But I bet they already know! Your pal—

—Chris Toth,
932 Columbus Ave., Benton Harbor, Mich."

"Big Fat Mess At Okay Corral" only wonderful. Got many personal friends among animals . . . got things in common. Am pretty fat elod, too . . . accounts for dad's opinion. Bopped "Nellie No-Date" good, won't have any more trouble from her.

"Dear Herbie:-

Sorry, Herb, but you're not perfect. I hate to say it, but you got a failing: you edit letters crummy. Some letters are all praise (Nothing too wrong there) and then there are a few brief ones with actual comments. Now you can't tell me that guys like Paul Gambacini, Dick West, Grasshoppa Green and those other guys that write comments don't stick praise in their letters too. But you cut their praise out, and print that of your other victims. Shouldn't do that; makes for a choppy letter column. Keep the intelligent letters intact. Dump the others. It'll come out easier to read, almost as smooth as the stories. . . . What brand lollypoppers you get? Gotta know, a connoisseur knows quality when he sees it. And I can't go around supporting second-rate lollipops! Best—

—Paul Thompson,
21 Thrush Street, Carpentersville, Illinois."

Not perfect—better than. No failings. Don't edit letters. You get real fat McCoy. About lollipops—you spy or something? Does Macy tell Gimbel? Careful, or compound fractures in Carpentersville!

"Dear Herbie:-

Your books have been really funny. Of all the stories you've published, I like 'George Washington's Teeth' the most. Couple of things I would like to know. How can your lollipop and grandfather clock take you back in time? And how can you make a hot dog with whiskers? Also, do you know how George Washington got false teeth? Finally, about the Fat Fury. Did he—you—get hurt when you ran into the Statue of Liberty?

—Dana L. Davidson,
1442 56th Avenue, Oakland, California."

Only Special Purpose Lollipop can do job like that and souped-up grandfather clock necessary. "Whiskers" on hot dog just means sauerkraut. About Washington—really had false teeth, but pretty bad ones. Supplied by dentist I'd bopped earlier, so what do you expect? Didn't get hurt when I bumped into Statue of Liberty, but she's still convalescing.

TEMPERATURE SOARING---HUMIDITY GETTING YOU DOWN? WELL, CHEER UP---THE PLUMP LUMP HAS GOT SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL IN STORE FOR YOU. IT'S A FUN-JAMMED TRIP TO THE ARCTIC, LOADED WITH LAFFS. SO CLIMB ABOARD AND HAVE YOUR HYSTERICS WITH **HERBIE** IN---

"MOM'S *New* COAT!"



BUT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT'LL BE WINTER, AND **THIS** OLD RAG IS ALL I'LL HAVE TO KEEP ME WARM.

ALL THE **OTHER** WOMEN WILL HAVE NEW COATS---EVERYONE BUT M-ME.

SHAME. GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



ANYBODY ELSE WOULD HAVE CONFESSED
DEFEAT—BUT HERBIE WAS MADE OF
STERNER STUFF...

BEST FURS COME
FROM ARCTIC. GO THERE
—HUNT THEM UP FOR
MYSELF.



FIRST STOP—A NORTHERN TRADING POST...

EVERYBODY UP IN THIS
NORTHLAND HAS TO HAVE
A DOGSLED—WHAT
SORT OF HUNTER
WOULD YOU BE
WITHOUT IT? SLED
AND DOGS COMPLETE,
\$375!

WHAT
DISCOUNT
DO I GET?



WE DON'T GIVE NO DISCOUNTS
—OOPS—THAT FACE! J—JUST
TAKE IT AWAY AND YOU CAN
WRITE YOUR OWN
T-TICKET!

FINE. LET'S
SEE WHAT
YOU COME
UP WITH FOR
A BUCK.

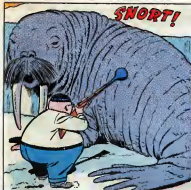


WISE
GUY.
—MUSH!

CRAH!



SH-HHH!
QUIET,
FELLAS.
LOOKS
LIKE
COAT.

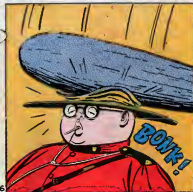


'CAUSE YOU'RE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS. DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THAT BEAR'S GAINING!









(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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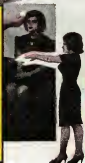
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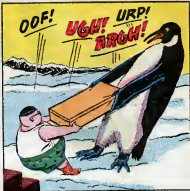
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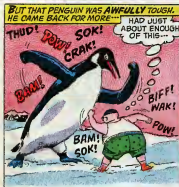
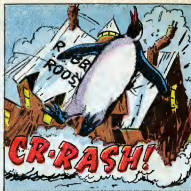
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